

# **ACTION**

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# **RATS of LONDON**

Australia 18c.

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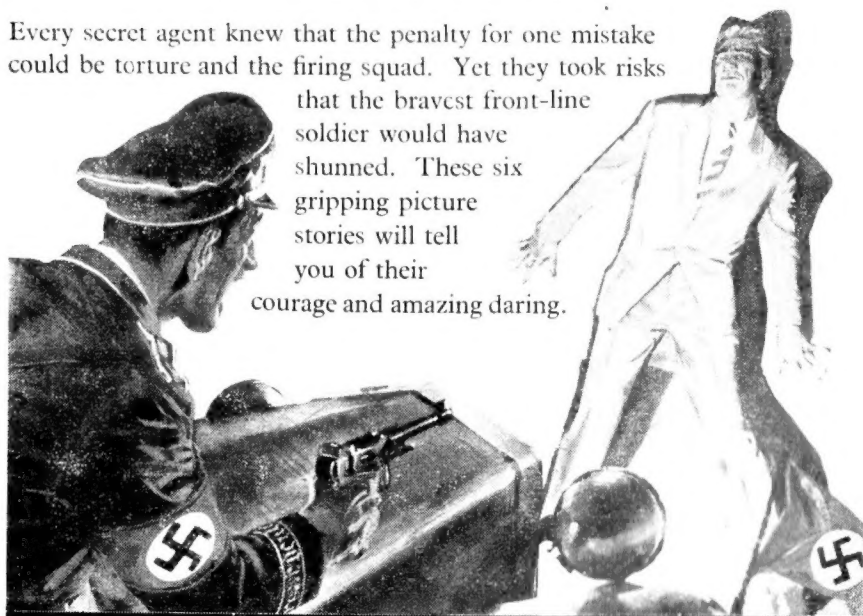
Rhodesia 17c.

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# SIX TALES OF NERVE-TINGLING TENSION

Every secret agent knew that the penalty for one mistake could be torture and the firing squad. Yet they took risks that the bravest front-line soldier would have shunned. These six gripping picture stories will tell you of their courage and amazing daring.



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# RATS OF LONDON

ONLY THE QUIET DRIP OF WATER AND THE DISTANT MURMUR OF TRAFFIC DISTURB THE EERIE SILENCE OF LONDON'S SEWERS. IT IS A COMPLEX AND FRIGHTENING WORLD OF DIMLY-LIT TUNNELS - CERTAINLY NO PLACE FOR ANYONE OF A NERVOUS DISPOSITION...



JOE HIGGINS WAS A "SLUDGER" – A CLEANER AND MAINTENANCE MAN. HE WAS NO COWARD BUT HE GAVE A SHRIEK OF TERROR AS HE SAW THE VAGUELY HUMAN FIGURE MOVE TOWARDS HIM...



MINUTES LATER, HE WAS GASPING OUT HIS NEWS TO THE FOREMAN...

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE OLD SEWER WE'VE OPENED UP. THEY ALWAYS SAID THE FLIPPING PLACE WAS HAUNTED!



I TELL YOU THERE'S SOMETHING – OR SOMEONE – THERE! THEY OUGHT TO HAVE LEFT THAT SECTION BLOCKED OFF!

HERE – I'LL COME AND HAVE A LOOK WITH YOU...





BUT ALTHOUGH THEY HUNTED THROUGH THE MAZE OF SEWERS FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, THEY FOUND NOTHING...

THERE'S NOTHING HERE! YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS, JOE!

THERE WAS SOMETHING! I'M NOT COMING INTO THIS PART ON MY OWN AGAIN!

THAT SAME NIGHT, THERE WAS A MEETING IN A BIG HOUSE NEAR POTTERS BAR.

I GOT LOST - BUMPED INTO SOME BLOKE WORKING THERE AND SCARED THE LIFE OUT OF HIM! WE MUST HAVE A MAP OF SOME KIND, GUY!

I'M MAKING ARRANGEMENTS, HARRY...



IT SEEMS THAT VERY FEW MAPS OF THE SEWERS EXIST. HOWEVER, THERE ARE TWO MEN WHO COULD HELP US.

BUT ARE THEY WILLING TO, GUY?

YOU MUST BE JOKING, CLIFF! NO, THESE CHARACTERS WON'T BE WILLING - BUT THEY'RE GOING TO CO-OPERATE ALL THE SAME.

ONE IS A MAN CALLED FALLON, WHO WORKS IN THE BOROUGH SURVEYOR'S OFFICE. HE'S A BACHELOR AND LEAVES FOR A TOURING HOLIDAY ON MONDAY. HE WON'T BE MISSED FOR A WHILE.

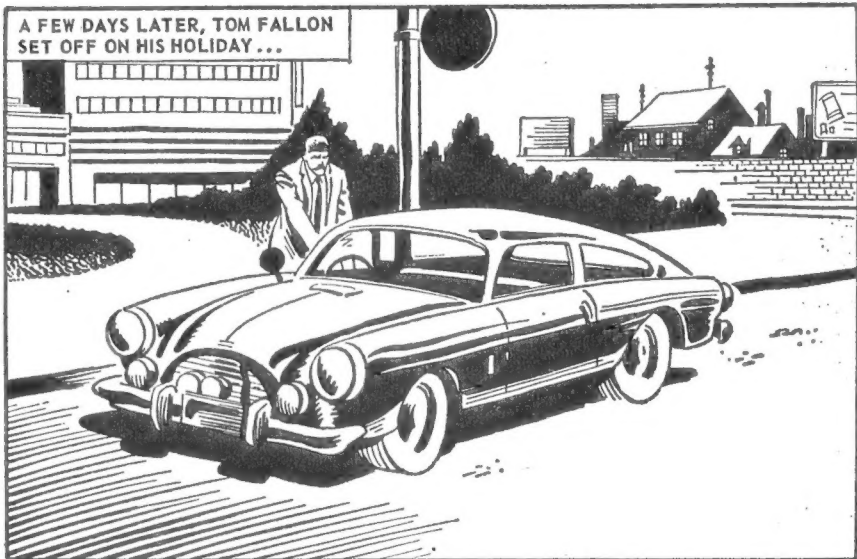




YOU'VE TRUSTED ME BEFORE  
AND I'VE NEVER LET YOU  
DOWN, HAVE I? WELL, THIS  
IS GOING TO BE SO BIG, IT'LL  
MAKE THE GREAT TRAIN  
ROBBERY LOOK LIKE PETTY  
LARCENY!



A FEW DAYS LATER, TOM FALLON  
SET OFF ON HIS HOLIDAY ...







WHEN FALLON STOPPED AT A LAY-BY TO HAVE HIS LUNCH, THE CAR TRAILING HIM ALSO PULLED IN.



ONE OF THE CROOKS APPROACHED FALLON... THE MEN LURED THEIR VICTIM OUT OF HIS CAR.

EXCUSE ME -  
I WONDER IF YOU  
HAVE AN ADJUSTABLE  
SPANNER YOU COULD  
LEND US...?

CERTAINLY -  
I'LL GET IT  
FOR YOU...



FALLON HAD NO INKLING OF HIS DANGER...







AS THE DISCOVERY OF AN ABANDONED VEHICLE WOULD BE SURE TO START ENQUIRIES, FALLON'S CAR WAS DRIVEN OFF TO BE DUMPED IN A QUARRY...



IT WAS A WEEK BEFORE TOM FALLON WAS REPORTED MISSING. THE PAPERS HEADLINED THE NEWS, BUT THERE WAS NO TRACE OF HIM.



THE CROOKS' SECOND TARGET WAS BILL ARCHER, WHOSE TOBACCONIST'S SHOP WAS CLOSE TO THE ARSENAL FOOTBALL GROUND...

ARSENAL ARE AT HOME TO WEST HAM - RIGHT? WHAT COULD BE EASIER THAN TO STAGE TROUBLE BETWEEN THE SUPPORTERS OF THE TWO TEAMS.





WHILE THE COPPERS ARE BUSY SORTING THINGS OUT, YOU TWO GO INTO ARCHER'S SHOP AND GET THE MAP. WRECK THE JOINT - IT'LL LOOK AS THOUGH THE SKINHEADS DID IT!

LEAVE IT TO US, GUY!



TWO OF THE SPECTATORS AT THAT PARTICULAR MATCH WERE DAVE LANG AND FRANK COLE. AFTER THE MATCH, THEY HEADED FOR THE SPOT WHERE THEY HAD LEFT THEIR MOTOR-CYCLES...

PRETTY GOOD MATCH, EH, FRANK?

CERTAINLY WAS - AND THOSE TWO POINTS WON'T DO OUR POSITION IN THE LEAGUE ANY HARM!



W.J. ARCHER

SUDDENLY, THEY HEARD A SHOUT AND THE SOUND OF A STRUGGLE COMING FROM A NEARBY SHOP.

HEAR THAT?  
SOMEONE IS BEING  
CLOBBERED!  
COME ON!

A GREY-HAIRED MAN – OBVIOUSLY THE SHOPKEEPER – WAS BEING VICIOUSLY BEATEN BY TWO THUGS.

AGH!

HEY!  
STOP  
THAT!



DAVE AND FRANK DID NOT HESITATE FOR A MOMENT, BUT RUSHED TO THE RESCUE.



THEY WERE NO MATCH FOR THE TWO RUTHLESS THUGS, HOWEVER, AND WERE SOON COSHED UNCONSCIOUS.



A CRY OF TRIUMPH CAME FROM MURDOCH...

THIS IS IT,  
EDDIE!

GREAT  
STUFF, JACK BOY!  
LET'S GO!

THEN AN IDEA CAME TO GROGAN...

WAIT, JACK!  
WE'LL FIX THESE  
LADDOES FIRST -  
TEACH THEM  
TO POKE THEIR  
NOSES IN...

WHEN THE  
COPPERS FIND  
A FEW FIVERS OUT  
OF THE TILL IN  
THESE SNOOPERS'  
POCKETS, WHATEVER  
STORY THEY TELL  
WILL SOUND LIKE  
AN ALIBI!

HURRY  
IT UP, THEN,  
EDDIE!

DAVE WAS REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS AS THE TWO THUGS LEFT ...



HEADS STILL RINGING, DAVE AND FRANK WENT TO THE SHOPKEEPER'S ASSISTANCE.





AT THAT VITAL MOMENT, THE POLICE ARRIVED...



THE POLICE WERE SUSPICIOUS FROM THE FIRST.



MYSTIFIED, FRANK PULLED THE "PLANTED"  
NOTES FROM HIS POCKET...

FIVE POUND NOTES -  
SIXTY OR SEVENTY POUNDS!  
DO YOU USUALLY BRING  
AS MUCH MONEY AS THIS TO  
A FOOTBALL GAME?

IT - IT'S NOT  
MINE! I - I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE IT  
CAME FROM!



DAVE AND FRANK WERE FROZEN WITH HORROR...

LEATHER JACKET BOYS,  
EH? YOU'VE BOTH GOT MOTOR-  
BIKES, I SUPPOSE?

YES - BUT...

A COUPLE OF TEARAWAYS,  
FROM THE LOOKS OF YOU! YOU CAN TELL  
YOUR STORY TO THE INSPECTOR  
AT THE STATION...







MINUTES LATER, FRANK AND DAVE WERE BEING DRIVEN OFF.

WHAT ABOUT THE TWO BLOKES THEY TALK ABOUT?

THE USUAL STORY, I EXPECT! IT'S ALWAYS SOME MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WHO'S DONE IT. SOMEONE NO-ONE ELSE HAS SEEN AND WHO CAN'T BE FOUND!



AT THE STATION THEY WERE CHARGED AND GIVEN LEGAL AID.



I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN ABOUT THAT MONEY. AND IF ARCHER DIES - WELL, WE SHALL BE UP AGAINST A MURDER CHARGE.

THEY WERE AGHAST ...

HOW IS THE SHOPKEEPER?

HE'S STILL IN A COMA.



HE'S THE ONE MAN WHO COULD CLEAR US. IF HE DIES - WE'VE HAD IT!

AFTER THE SOLICITOR HAD GONE, THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER IN DESPAIR...



OUR ONLY CHANCE  
IS TO FIND THOSE BLOKES  
THAT CLOBBERED US.

WELL, THE POLICE  
AREN'T GOING TO LOOK FOR  
THEM BECAUSE THEY THINK  
WE MADE IT ALL UP!



THEN  
WE'RE DONE  
FOR!

LISTEN,  
FRANK - IF  
WE GET THE  
SLIGHTEST  
CHANCE, WE'LL  
MAKE A BREAK  
FOR IT!  
OKAY?



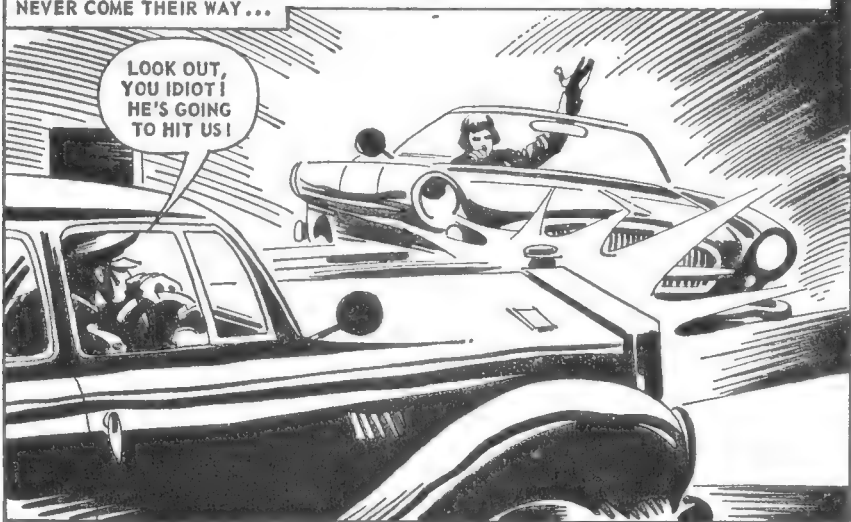
THREE NIGHTS LATER, AFTER APPEARING BEFORE A MAGISTRATE, THEY WERE SENT  
BY POLICE CAR TO BRIXTON PRISON.





AND THEN IT HAPPENED - THE SLIM CHANCE BOTH LADS HAD BEGUN TO THINK WOULD NEVER COME THEIR WAY...

LOOK OUT,  
YOU IDIOT!  
HE'S GOING  
TO HIT US!



THE POLICEMAN BESIDE THEIR DRIVER JUMPED OUT AND BEGAN TO GIVE THE MAN IN THE OTHER CAR A "ROCKET".

YOUR NAME,  
PLEASE - DRIVING  
LICENCE AND  
CERTIFICATE OF  
INSURANCE...



GENTLY, FRANK EASED OPEN THE DOOR BESIDE HIM. DAVE NEEDED NO PROMPTING TO FOLLOW...

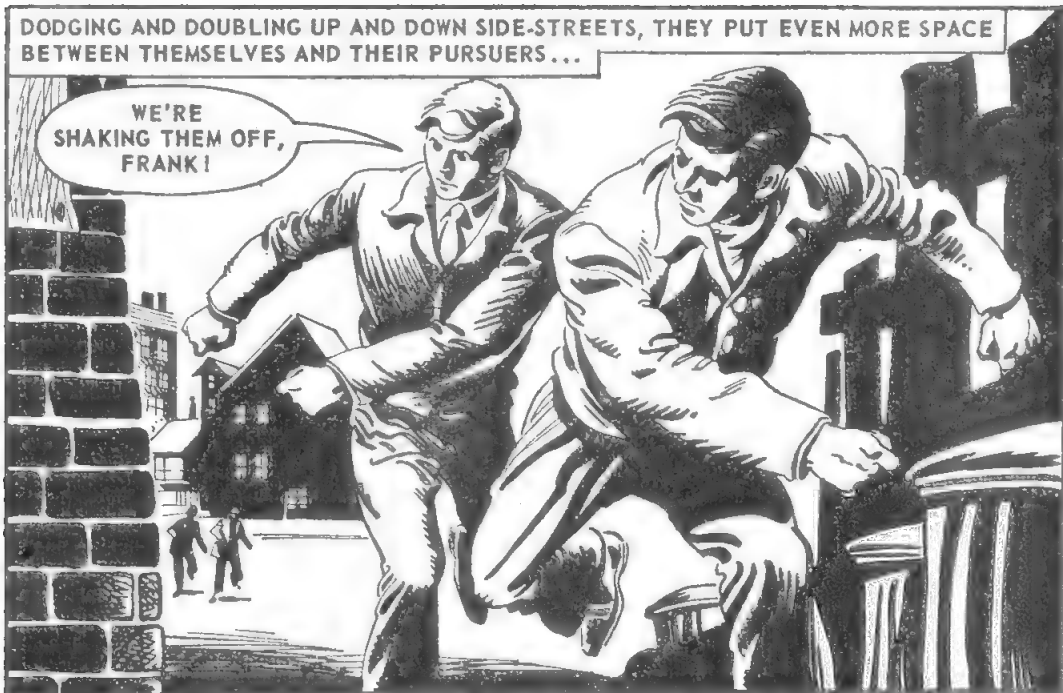


THEY GOT TEN VITAL YARDS START BEFORE THEIR ESCAPE WAS NOTICED...



DODGING AND DOUBLING UP AND DOWN SIDE-STREETS, THEY PUT EVEN MORE SPACE BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND THEIR PURSUERS...

WE'RE  
SHAKING THEM OFF,  
FRANK!



WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT HOUSE YOU  
SAID THOSE BLOKES MENTIONED WHEN  
THEY LEFT THE SHOP?

SOUNDED LIKE LANTERGAN  
HOUSE. AND I'VE GOT A FEELING  
IT WASN'T FAR FROM THE SHOP...



SAFE FROM PURSUIT AT LAST, THEY MADE  
THEIR WAY TO THE AREA WHERE THE  
SHOP WAS SITUATED.

LANTERGAN HOUSE? I BELIEVE I' & IN  
WESTCOURT ROAD - SECOND ON RIGHT.  
AN OLD TUMBLEDOWN PLACE.








THE TWO LADS CLAMBERED INTO LANTERGAN HOUSE THROUGH A PARTLY BOARDED-UP WINDOW.

HURRY UP!



AS THEY CROUCHED IN ONE OF THE EMPTY ROOMS THEY HEARD THE FRONT DOOR SWING OPEN ON ITS RUSTY HINGES.

HECK!  
THEY'RE COMING  
IN.



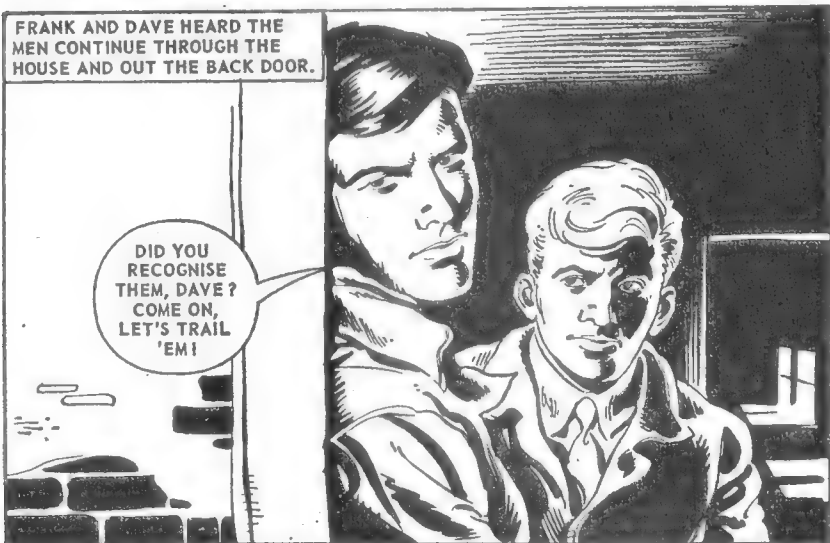
KEEP  
QUITE STILL - THEY  
MAY MISS US!

TWO MEN PASSED WITHIN FEET OF THEM - AND DAVE RECOGNISED ONE OF THEM AT ONCE!



FRANK AND DAVE HEARD THE MEN CONTINUE THROUGH THE HOUSE AND OUT THE BACK DOOR.

DID YOU RECOGNISE THEM, DAVE? COME ON, LET'S TRAIL 'EM!



THEY FOLLOWED — AND SAW THE MEN CROSS THE GARDEN AND STOOP OVER SOMETHING NEAR THE DOOR IN THE GARDEN WALL.



IT WAS A MANHOLE COVER...

WELL,  
WHAT ABOUT THAT,  
THEN?



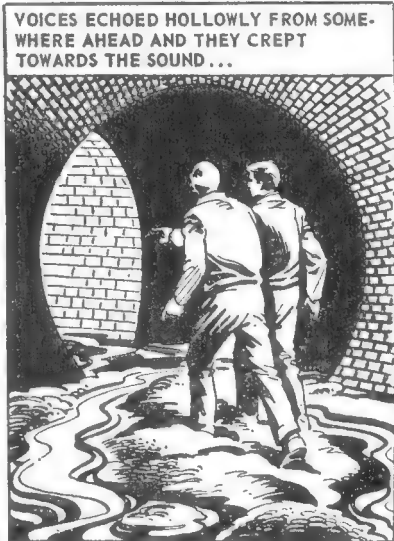


WHAT  
DO WE DO NOW,  
FRANK?

GIVE THEM A LITTLE  
TIME AND THEN FOLLOW.  
WE DON'T WANT TO BE  
RIGHT ON THEIR HEELS OR  
THEY'LL SPOT US. WONDER  
WHAT THEY'RE UP TO?



MINUTES LATER...



VOICES ECHOED HOLLOWLY FROM SOME-  
WHERE AHEAD AND THEY CREEPT  
TOWARDS THE SOUND...



GUIDED BY THE VOICES AND LIGHT REFLECTING ALONG THE SEWER WALLS, THEY FOUND A ROOM. A MAN, PRESUMABLY THE LEADER, WAS TALKING TO A GROUP OF ROUGH-LOOKING CHARACTERS - AND THERE WERE THREE OR FOUR OTHERS, OBVIOUSLY PRISONERS...



GOOD  
HEAVENS!  
THERE'S A WHOLE  
GANG OF  
THEM!

FRANK -  
WE'RE ON TO  
SOMETHING  
BIG!

THE LEADER WAS EXPLAINING HIS PLAN, AND DAVE AND FRANK LISTENED IN GROWING AMAZEMENT...

HERE, IN THE SEWERS, WE HAVE THE UNGUARDED BACK DOOR TO EVERY PLACE OF ANY IMPORTANCE IN LONDON...



THANKS TO MISTER FALLON HERE, WHOM WE FINALLY PERSUADED TO HELP US, WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PINPOINT THE EXACT POSITION OF STRONGROOMS OF BANKS AND JEWELLERS ALL OVER THE CITY.



IN FACT, SPECIALIST TEAMS ARE AT THIS MOMENT BORING INTO THOSE STRONG ROOMS. YOU MEN WILL TRANSPORT THE LOOT ALONG THE SEWERS TO THE THAMES BELOW TOWER BRIDGE - GUIDES ARE COMING TO SHOW YOU THE WAY.



FRANK AND DAVE LISTENED WITH BATED BREATH TO THE INCREDIBLE DETAILS...

THERE, A SHIP IS BEING LOADED FROM BARGES - MANNED BY MY OWN MEN. PART OF HER LOAD WILL BE OUR LOOT, IN SPECIALLY MARKED BOXES. NEAT, EH?

AT THAT MOMENT DAVE AND FRANK HEARD FOOTSTEPS COMING FROM THE TUNNEL BEHIND THEM.

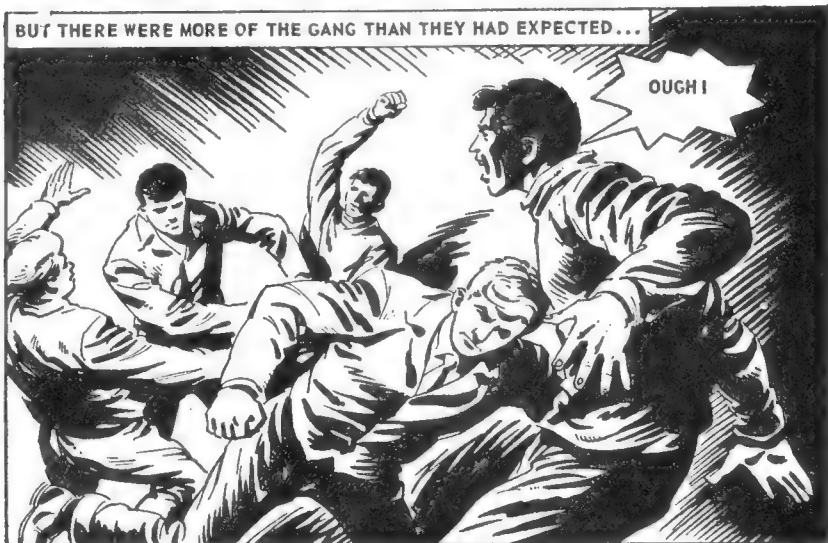
FRANK, WE'RE CUT OFF! THESE BLOKES COMING ALONG THE SEWER MUST SEE US!

WE'LL HAVE TO GO STRAIGHT FOR THEM - AND TRY TO BASH OUR WAY THROUGH!

HOPING TO TAKE THE ONCOMING "RATS" BY SURPRISE, THE TWO LADS BROKE INTO A RUN...



BUT THERE WERE MORE OF THE GANG THAN THEY HAD EXPECTED...



SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS OVERPOWERED THE TWO YOUNGSTERS...



BUT AS THEY WERE HUSTLED PAST TOM FALLON, THE APPARENTLY COWED PRISONER SUDDENLY JUMPED TO HIS FEET AND REACHED FOR A SWITCH ON THE WALL ABOVE HIM...





THE MAINTENANCE ROOM WAS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS AND THE "RATS" INTO CONFUSION. FALLON GRABBED FRANK BY THE ARM...



SPURRED ON BY DESPERATION, FRANK AND DAVE BROKE FREE FROM THEIR CAPTORS...



ONE OF THE CROOKS MANAGED TO FIND THE RIGHT SWITCH.

GET AFTER THEM!  
THEY COULD RUIN  
EVERYTHING!

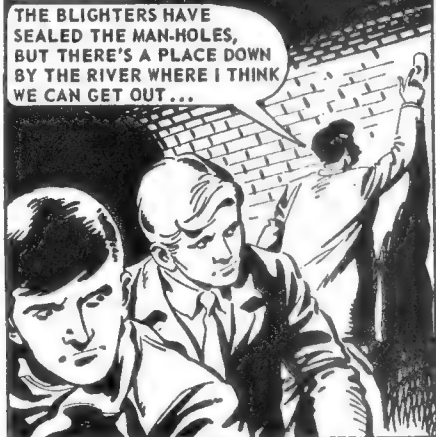


AS FRANK AND DAVE RAN AFTER FALLON,  
A SHOT CRACKED OUT BEHIND THEM. A  
BULLET RICOCHETTED OFF THE TUNNEL  
WALL...



THE SEWER WAS LIT IN SECTIONS, BUT TOM FALLON KEPT SWITCHING OUT THE LIGHTS, SO THAT THEIR PURSUERS FLOUNDERED IN THE DARK.

THE BLIGHTERS HAVE SEALED THE MAN-HOLES, BUT THERE'S A PLACE DOWN BY THE RIVER WHERE I THINK WE CAN GET OUT...



ONCE OUT, WE CAN SOON GET THE POLICE TO SEAL ALL EXITS AND GRAB THEM RED-HANDED!



BUT THE GANG'S OPERATION WAS ALREADY WELL ADVANCED...



ONE SECTION HAD TUNNELLED UP THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE BIGGEST LONDON JEWELLERS...

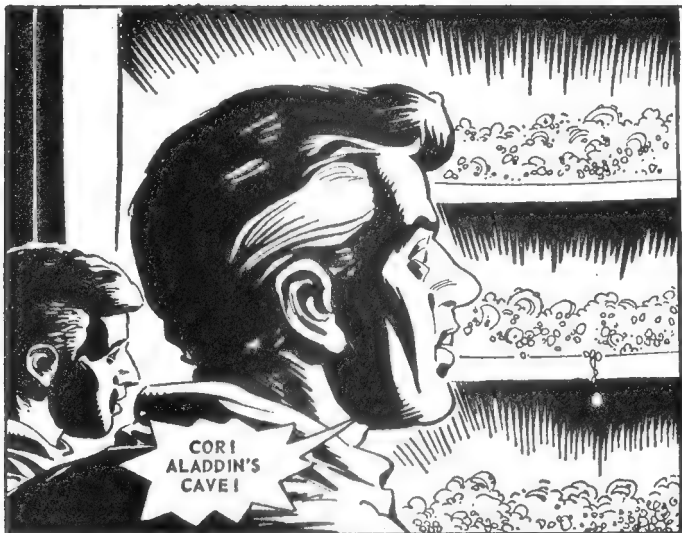


I BET THEY  
DON'T KEEP THE  
PETTY CASH IN THAT  
BEAUTY! BUT OUR NEW  
THERMIC LANCE WILL  
CUT THROUGH IT.  
LIKE CHEESE!

THE MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT AND THE MOST SKILLED CRACKSMEN IN THE COUNTRY WERE BEING USED...




IT  
WON'T BE LONG  
NOW!



JEWELLERS WERE NOT THE ONLY TARGETS.  
IN THE GOLD VAULTS OF THE SOUTH  
EASTERN BANK IN LOTHBURY, TWO NIGHT.  
WATCHMEN HEARD A STRANGE NOISE...







WHAT THE  
DEVIL - LOOK AT  
THAT! SOME SORT OF  
SUBSIDENCE!

AND THEN, FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS BEHIND THEM, APPEARED HOODED MEN...



GET ON THE  
BLOWER TO THE  
POLICE -  
CAN'T TAKE ANY  
CHANCES!

LOOK OUT...!

ONE MAN WENT DOWN, UNCONSCIOUS,  
AND THE OTHER TURNED TO RUN.  
BUT A SILENCED PISTOL SPAT LEAD...

AAGHI



ALL CLEAR! GET  
THOSE TROLLEYS LOADED -  
AND JUMP TO IT!  
WE'RE THREE MINUTES  
LATE ALREADY...



LED UNERRINGLY BY TOM FALLON, DAVE AND FRANK STUMBLED AND SPLASHED FOR MILE AFTER MILE ALONG THE UNDERGROUND MAZE.

HOW MUCH FARTHER?

WE'RE NEARLY THERE.

THANK HEAVENS FOR THAT!

AT LAST FALLON LED THE WAY TO A BRANCH TUNNEL THAT ENDED IN A BLANK WALL. THERE WAS A STEEL LADDER SET IN THE WALL...

THERE'S A MANHOLE UP TOP! ONCE THROUGH THAT, WE'RE OUT IN THE OPEN, BY THE TOWER WHARVES...

AS FALLON CLIMBED UPWARDS DAVE HEARD RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...

HEY, I CAN  
HEAR THEM COMING!  
WE HAVEN'T  
SHAKEN OFF THE  
PERISHERS.



IT'S  
NO USE - I  
CAN'T MOVE  
IT!

FALLON, WEAKENED BY LONG DAYS  
OF ROUGH CAPTIVITY, COULD NOT  
SHIFT THE MANHOLE COVER...





PANTING, HE SLID DOWN THE LADDER, AND HE MADE A DASH FOR A WHEEL SET IN THE WALL. HE TWISTED IT FRANTICALLY...

THIS WILL LET THE THAMES IN ON TOP OF THEM! BUT IT'LL DROWN US, TOO, IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE!


FRANK SCRAMBLED UP THE LADDER AND STRAINED AT THE MANHOLE COVER, BUT ALTHOUGH IT GAVE A LITTLE, HE COULD NOT OPEN IT, EITHER.



DAVE -  
COME UP HERE  
AND GIVE  
ME A HAND -  
QUICK!



BY NOW, THE WATER WAS LAPPING  
AT THE FIRST RUNGS OF THE LADDER.



A man with a mustache, wearing a light-colored suit and tie, is climbing a wooden ladder. He is looking back over his shoulder with a determined expression. The ladder is angled upwards from the bottom left towards the top right. To the left of the ladder, there are dark, swirling lines representing water. The background is dark and textured with vertical lines, suggesting the interior of a tunnel.

HURRY UP,  
LADS - OR WE'RE  
GOING TO HAVE TO  
SWIM FOR IT!

FARTHER DOWN THE TUNNEL, THE "RATS" HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO A HALT BY THE  
RISING WATER...



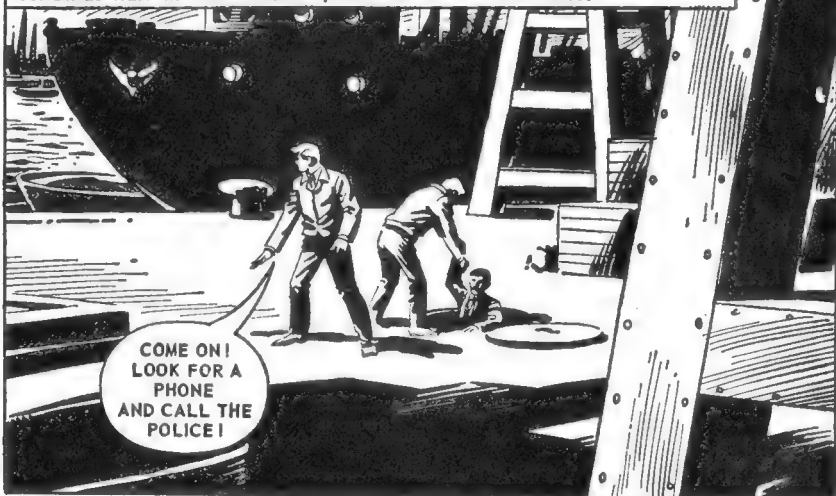
A group of men are huddled together in a flooded tunnel. They are pressed against a brick wall on the right side of the frame. The water is rising around them, with large, swirling waves visible on the right. The men are looking towards the wall with expressions of concern and urgency. The tunnel floor is covered in water, and the walls are made of bricks.

THEY'RE  
FLOODING THE  
SEWERS! GET  
BACK!

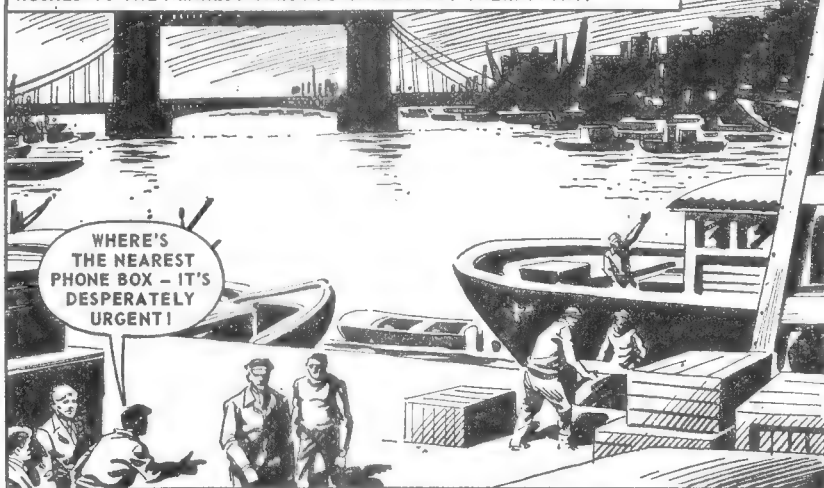
ONLY A SMALL PROPORTION OF THE BULLION HAD BEEN SAFELY TRANSPORTED ON TO THE BARGES. FURTHER LOADS WERE STOPPED DEAD...



AT THE TOP OF THE ESCAPE LADDER, FRANK AND DAVE GAVE A TREMENDOUS COMBINED HEAVE. NEXT MOMENT, THEY WERE IN THE OPEN...



THERE WERE GROUPS OF DOCKERS WORKING ON THE WHARF. THE THREE RUSHED TO THE NEAREST ONES AND GASPED OUT THEIR STORY.



TWO OF THE DOCKERS EXCHANGED GLANCES.



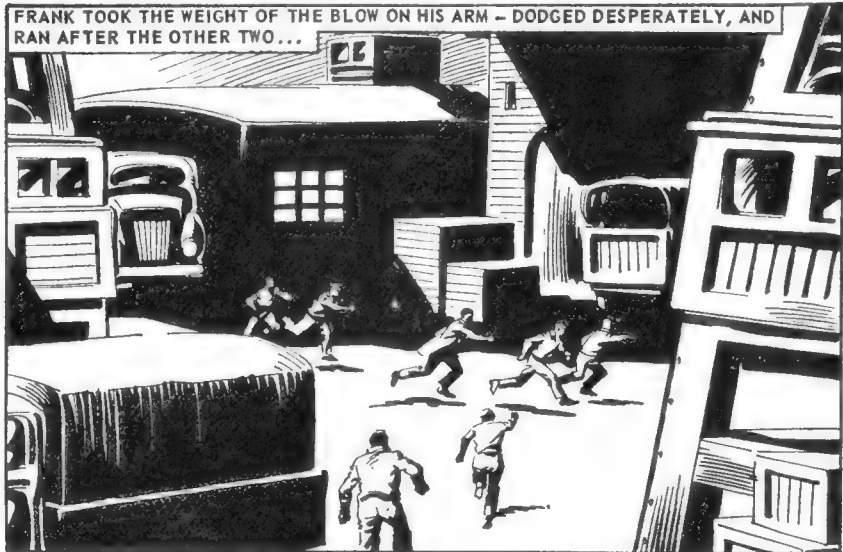
THE DOCKER POINTED TO A NEARBY WAREHOUSE...



AS THEY ROUNDED THE CORNER,  
SOME INSTINCT FOR DANGER  
MADE FRANK TURN...



FRANK TOOK THE WEIGHT OF THE BLOW ON HIS ARM - DODGED DESPERATELY, AND  
RAN AFTER THE OTHER TWO...



ALMOST AT ONCE, TOM FALLON DARTED OFF INTO THE SHADOWS, LEAVING FRANK AND DAVE WITH THE CROOKED DOCKERS ON THEIR HEELS...

THEY MUST BE THE ONES WHO ARE HELPING TO LOAD THE GOLD ON TO THE BARGES!



THE PAIR WERE CORNERED! THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY FOR THEM TO GO - INTO THE RIVER.



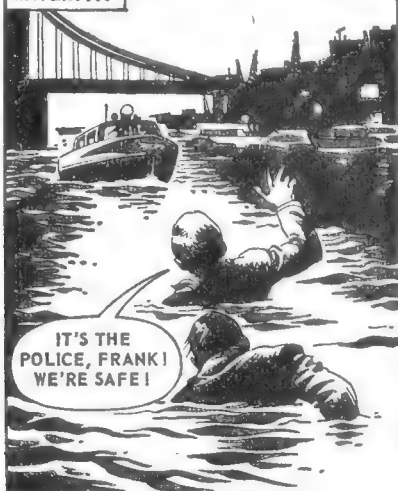
AS THEY SURFACED, A GUN SPAT FLAME - AND A BULLET SENT UP A SPURT OF WATER NEAR FRANK'S HEAD.



THE "RAT" WHO'D FIRED THE PISTOL HAD MADE A STUPID MISTAKE, FOR THE SHOT WAS HEARD IN MID-STREAM!



A SEARCHLIGHT SWEEPED THE DARK WATERS...



SECONDS LATER, THEY WERE BEING HAULED ABOARD...





DAVE WAS HURRIEDLY EXPLAINING WHAT HAD HAPPENED WHEN A BARGE LOOMED UP OUT OF THE DARKNESS.



BUT INSTEAD OF KEEPING CLEAR, THE BARGE DELIBERATELY BUMPED ALONGSIDE. "RATS" POURED ABOARD THE POLICE LAUNCH...



FRANK AND DAVE JUMPED FORWARD TO HELP FIGHT OFF THE ATTACKERS AS THE SIREN WAILED...



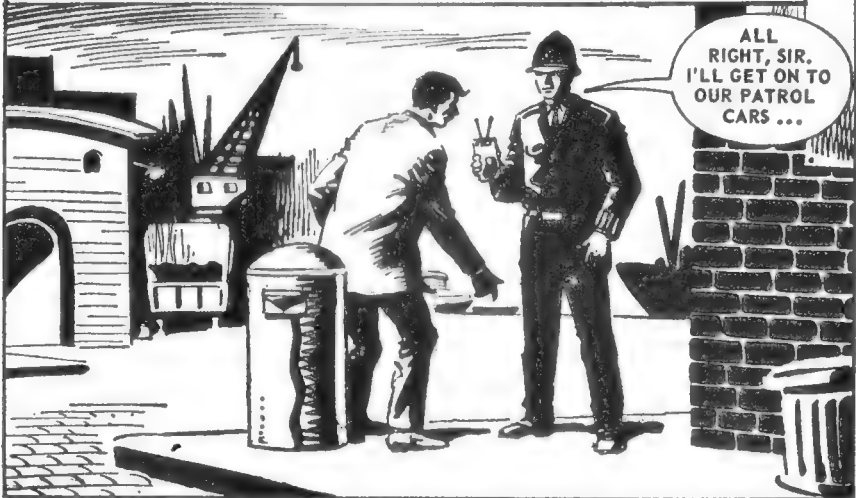
FROM UPSTREAM AND DOWN, POLICE PATROL BOATS CAME RACING TO THE SCENE...



POLICE REINFORCEMENTS SOON OVERWHELMED THE CROOKS...



MEANWHILE TOM FALLON HAD REACHED THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF A DOCKSIDE STREET AND WAS GASPING OUT HIS TALE TO AN ASTONDED CONSTABLE.



WITHIN SECONDS, PATROL CARS ALL OVER LONDON WERE BEING ALERTED...

ALL MANHOLE  
COVERS AND  
EXITS FROM THE  
MAIN SEWERS TO  
BE WATCHED AND  
GUARDED. EVERY  
AVAILABLE MAN!  
THIS IS TOP  
PRIORITY!



BELOW LONDON'S STREETS, THE  
PANIC-STRICKEN "SEWER RATS" WERE  
TRAPPED BY THE RISING WATER...

THE LUCKY ONES, CLAMBERING UP TO WHAT THEY HOPED WOULD BE FREEDOM, FOUND THE POLICE WAITING FOR THEM.

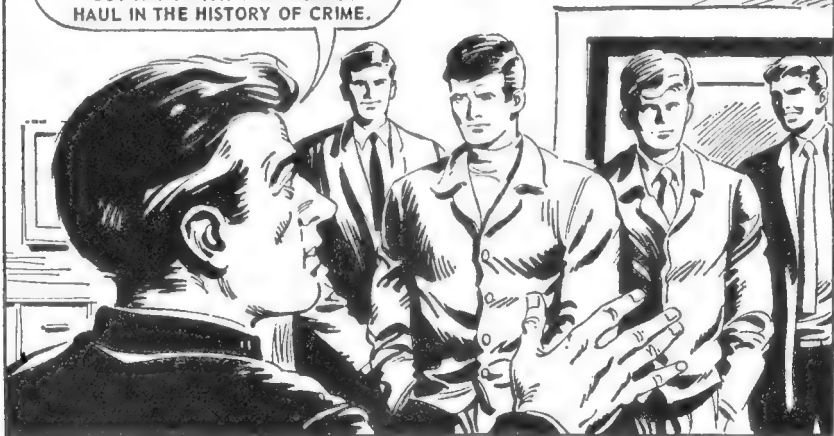


FOR FRANK AND DAVE, THE CLIMAX CAME THE NEXT DAY AT SCOTLAND YARD.

MISTER ARCHER HAS RECOVERED ENOUGH TO CLEAR YOU LADS COMPLETELY.



BUT I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T SET OUT TO PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE. THIS GANG WOULD HAVE GOT AWAY WITH THE BIGGEST HAUL IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME.







# VENGEANCE OF THE GODS

MALINDI WAS A NATIVE OF ONE OF THOSE PARADISE ISLANDS THAT DOT THE BLUE PACIFIC...



THE YOUNG ISLANDER EKED OUT A MEAGRE LIVING DIVING FOR SHELL... ALWAYS DREAMING THAT ONE DAY HE WOULD FIND A REALLY VALUABLE PEARL...






IN THE DEPTHS OF THE DEAD FISH'S LAIR, MALINDI FOUND A THICK CROP OF SHELL. HE STUFFED IT INTO HIS CANVAS BAG...



THAT WAS MALINDI'S LAST DIVE OF THE DAY, FOR THE SKY WAS DARKENING AND THE WIND RISING. THAT EVENING, HE AND HIS WIFE, TAMUA, OPENED THE SHELLS...





THE GODS BE  
PRAISED! SO THE  
DEVIL-FISH WAS  
GUARDING A  
KING OF  
PEARLS!



THEIR EXCITED CRIES BROUGHT THE  
ISLANDERS RUNNING...

LOOK AT THIS! HAVE YOU  
EVER SEEN THE LIKE, MY  
BROTHERS?

IT IS  
INDEED A WONDROUS  
PEARL! WORTH MANY  
HUNDREDS OF WHITE  
MAN'S MONEY!



SO EXCITED WERE THEY, THAT NO-ONE  
NOTICED THE APPROACH OF TWO MEN...

LET ME  
SEE THAT! SO...  
YOU CAN PAY  
YOUR DEBT TO  
ME AT LAST,  
MALINDI!

PAUL LEVKAS, ONE OF THOSE JACKALS THAT INFEST THE SEVEN SEAS, SNATCHED THE BEAUTIFUL PEARL FROM MALINDI'S HAND...



LEVKAS HAD A SHREWD IDEA OF THE TRUE VALUE OF THE FINE PEARL...



THERE WERE TEARS IN MALINDI'S EYES...



WHO SAID IT'S HIS  
PEARL ANYWAY, BOSS?  
MAYBE HE STOLE IT!

NO, I'M NOT A HARD MAN,  
CARLOS! HERE, MALINDI,  
HERE'S A HUNDRED POUNDS  
...AND YOU CAN CONSIDER  
YOUR DEBT PAID!



JUST THEN, ONE OF LEVKAS'S CREW  
CAME RUNNING UP THE BEACH ...

THERE'S A BIG STORM  
BLOWING UP, BOSS! THE  
GLASS IS FALLING FAST.  
WE'D BETTER GET SOME  
SEA-ROOM ...



OKAY...  
OKAY! I'VE  
FINISHED MY  
BUSINESS HERE  
ANYWAY!


MALINDI'S HAND GRIPPED HIS HARPOON  
TIGHTLY ...

THE WHITE  
DEVIL HAS CHEATED  
ME! I WILL KILL  
HIM ...



NO...NO!  
THEY WILL KILL  
YOU FIRST WITH  
THEIR GUNS. AT  
LEAST WE HAVE  
THIS MONEY...

AS THEY WATCHED LEVKAS'S BOAT  
PUT OUT TO HIS SCHOONER, THE  
SKY GREW OMINOUSLY DARK...



THE GODS WILL  
TAKE VENGEANCE  
ON THE EVIL ONE, MY  
HUSBAND. PLEASE...  
YOU MUST GET OUR  
BOAT UP THE BEACH. A  
GREAT WIND COMES...


THE WIND HAD INCREASED TO HURRICANE FORCE BY THE TIME LEVKAS HAD  
REACHED HIS SHIP'S SIDE...



HERE...HELP ME  
ABOARD! AND GET  
THAT ANCHOR UP...  
HURRY!



THE SCHOONER BEGAN TO CLAW AWAY FROM THE REEF ON ITS ENGINE...BUT AGONISINGLY SLOWLY...




GET THAT SAIL IN...AND KEEP HER HEAD TO THE SEAS, YOU FOOL!

SHE'S NOT ANSWERING THE HELM, BOSS!

THE SKY WAS AS BLACK AS PITCH, THE SEA BOILED AND THE WIND SCREAMED LIKE ALL THE DEMONS OF HELL...



AAAAGH!



ONE MOMENT THE SCHOONER WAS THERE, HEELING BEFORE THE WIND...AND THE NEXT, SHE WAS GONE!

MALINDI AND HIS WIFE WERE TOO BUSY TRYING TO SECURE THEIR BOAT TO SEE WHAT HAD BEFALLEN LEVKAS'S SCHOONER...



THEY COULD DO NO MORE. THE TIDE WAS SURGING THREATENINGLY AROUND THEIR FEET... BEARING WITH IT... A BODY!



MALINDI KNELT BESIDE THE BODY OF LEVKAS... AND FELT IN THE MAN'S POCKET...



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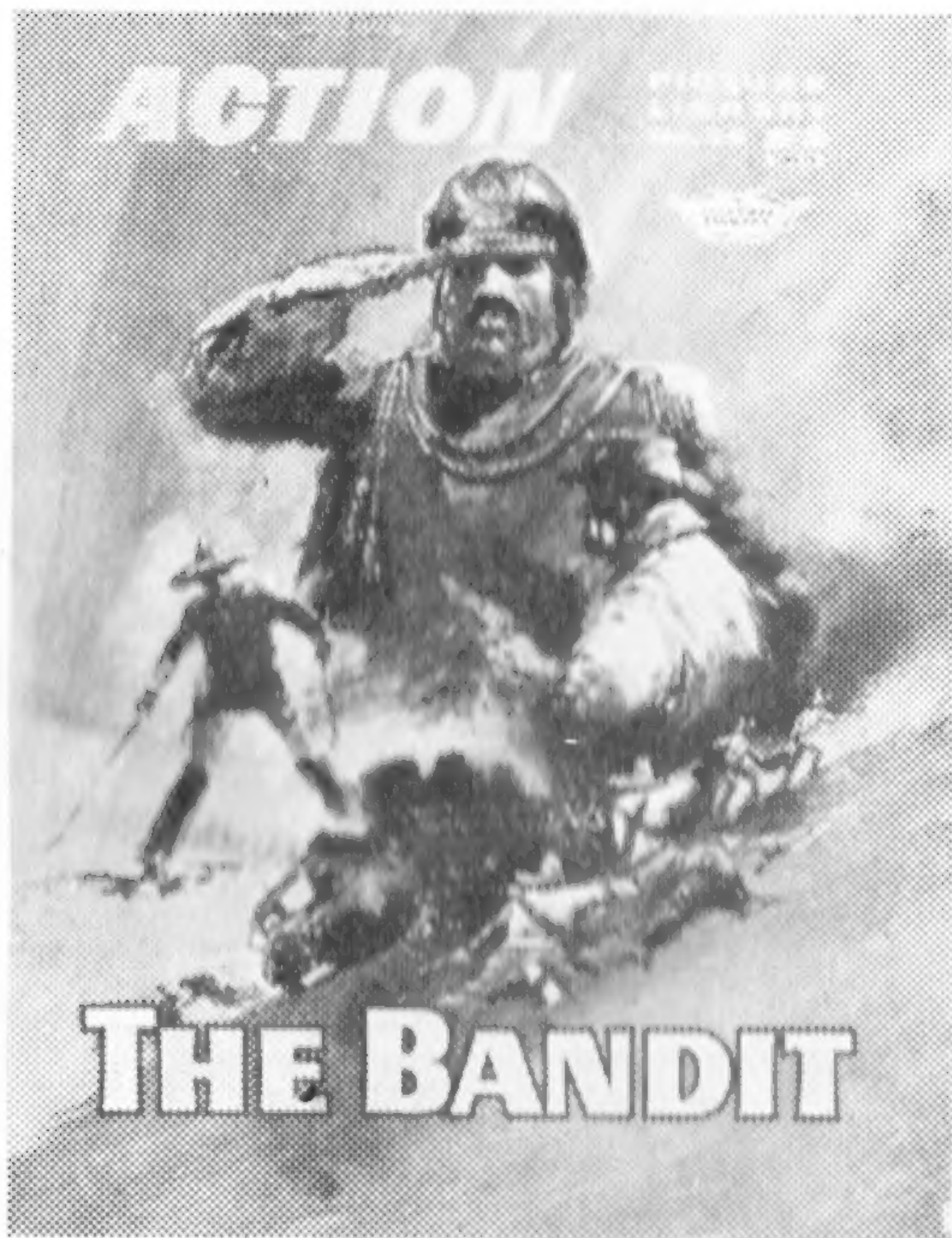


***Tough...Dramatic...***

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